

## NATURE'S MUSIC.

Slide up the silver sands, O bounding sea,  
The glens that skirt thee catch thy melody.  
And all the forest swells a tone  
That glides but the music of thine own.

Half silent, river glides, sage murmuring waves  
Dress singing where the sweeping current flows,  
Whispering among the pebbles, low and sweet,  
So low, so sweet, wild birds the strain repeat.

Down through great velvet cliffs, rise with green moss,  
Long, glittering chains, the slipping torrents come  
Shivering and darting 'neath the arching trees.  
The wandering winds in mystic minor keys  
Sing their love songs above the waves and rocks  
In harmony that every heart unites.

—Helen L. Carey.

## Smoking a Cornucopia Pipe.

"Exactly. Your head aches, your eyes bother you and your throat is parched," said a well known physician, diagnosing the case of a patient. "Now I can tell just what brings on these difficulties. You smoke a cornucopia pipe, isn't that a fact?"

The sufferer replied in the affirmative, and was curious to know how the doctor knew what kind of a pipe he smoked.

"I see so much of this that I can't help knowing what it does," explained the medical man. "Medicines may bring temporary health to me every day. They are great big, robust fellows, and they all suffer in the same cause. At first I was puzzled, and I was not sure to believe that it was a new disease, but I finally discovered that the whole trouble was caused by cornucopia pipes. It needs no credulity on my part to believe that when you are smoking a cornucopia pipe, you are overloading your system with a powerful and dangerous cause. It is a smarting sensation of the tongue. That is the smoke of the burning coal, and it contains enough creosote to cure a ham."

—New York Evening Sun.

## In the New First Record.

"How the wind blows!"  
"Yes, it is almost a hurricane. See how it twists the branches of the sturdy trees! Many a good ship will go down in this gale!"

"Ah! but do you see the woman? She can scarcely face the howling wind."

"Yes, I see her. Perhaps you think her four children are dying and she is going for a doctor."

"It must be a case of life or death to call her so."

"Nothing of the kind. She is simply after a novel and a young man and she will put in a couple of hours bothering the store clerks. There is another, and another—a dozen of them."

"And will they go home refreshed?"

"Very much so—ten times as much as if they had remained at home and darned stockings or sewed on a button or two."

—Detroit Free Press.

## A Field for Investigators.

It was stated thirty years ago that an ordinary battery would impart to a perfect electric motor only one horse power of energy from a consumption of two pounds of zinc per hour, while a good steam engine would give an equal power from two pounds per hour of the much cheaper coal. Professor Ayton now asserts, however, that modern batteries may yet be made an important and economical source of mechanical energy, and that they may furnish a solution of the problem of converting the energy of coal into electric energy without the wasteful steam engine. Before this can be accomplished it will be necessary to find a process of unburning the oxidized zinc at a cost comparable with the cost of an equal weight of coal, so that the metal may be cheaply used over and over.

—Arkansas Traveler.

## The Life of a Watch.

A first class American watch, well kept, will last thirty or forty years, or sometimes even longer, before the works wear out, but the average life of an ordinary low priced American watch is ten years, and that of a Swiss watch of the same grade seven years. The length of life for a watch depends largely on the number of its jewels. The range of prices for American watches runs from \$5 to \$500, the costliest being a split second minute register timing watch. In the United States about 3,500 watches are manufactured every day. The Waltham factory turns out 1,500 per day and the Elgin factory between 1,500 and 19,000.

—Chicago Herald.

## Safe to Employ.

Bank Official:—You say you would like a position as cashier.

Applicant:—Yes.

B. O.—Do you belong in the city?

A.—No, I've come from Canada.

B. O.—Is that your native place?

A.—Yes.

B. O.—Why did you leave it?

A.—My doctor's advice.

B. O.—Climate too severe?

A.—Yes.

B. O.—Ever intend to go back?

A.—Never; it would be certain death.

B. O.—Excellent! You are just the man we want. Report in the morning and be installed as cashier.—Yankee Blade.

## Japan's Minister at Washington.

Munemitsu Mutsu, Japanese minister at Washington, is a most abstemious man as regards stimulants, but being a scholar and philosopher he has shown an inclination to taste of American mixed drinks as an experimental process. He does not like one of the fancies, however. A few days ago he tackled a gin fizz for the first time. "Ha!" he exclaimed, in an Oriental way, "it buzzes like a fly and stings like a wasp." He will hereafter confine himself to tea drinking.—New York World.

## A Wall Street Man's Experiment.

The bookkeeper of a Wall Street bank, a man deeply versed in psychology, employs his spare time in making practical tests of his researches. He is a humorist in his composition, and these tests are frequently of a laughable nature. He is a firm believer in the theory that man magnifies his own little troubles and will unconsciously put himself out of his way to avoid things that he has no existence in. The other day this philosopher carefully placed a sheet of blotting paper on the edge of a desk in such a way that half the sheet hung over the desk and in a narrow passage that was much used by the clerks, and the philosopher had no end of fun watching them pass. Instead of shoving the blotting paper out of the way every clerk who passed would squeeze himself against the wall in order to avoid knocking it down. The fat clerks had a hard time of it, and one of them cricked his spinal column in a particularly fine acrobatic feat.—New York Evening Sun.

## Table of Odds and Evens.

A farmer's wife hanged herself on a tree in his garden. He married another wife, and, curiously enough, she, after a few years, hanged herself on the same tree. He married a third, and that wife did the same. The farmer wrote sadly to a distant married friend to tell him of the mournful coincidence. In reply his friend wrote:

"There is great virtue clearly in that tree. Send me a cutting."—Friar John Paul.

## A Perfect Poem.

"My dear, your mouth is a perfect poem." "Oh, how can you say such a thing as that?" "Well, it is like a popular poem at least. It is so widely read." And the matronly lady fell 40 degs. at once.—Terre Haute Express.

## An amateur chemist wants to know if whisky will dissolve gold.

No, sonny, but it will make it disappear.

## The Japanese army is now 150,000 strong.

It will be 600,000 before long.

## In military circles it is considered that Osman Digna is a myth.

Yes, but it is a very good one.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

789 LAFAYETTE AVE.,  
BROOKLYN, N.Y., Nov. 19, 1888.

For the help and encouragement of the large class represented by the scores of men and women who write to me about literary matters, I would say that the "field of letters" is no more crowded than any other business field, and the number of successful writers is probably greater than the number of men who succeed in the professions. Do all the doctors and lawyers win laurels for themselves? Is it any more difficult for the writer of average talent to secure work or pay, than for the newly fledged physician of ordinary talent to secure patients? Statistics will prove that it is not. Look at the ministers who wander over the earth every year in search of flocks who need a shepherd. The fact is every department of every profession is full. There is more competition than formerly, but the writer who really has something to say to the world will surely find a place. As I have said many times before, I think it is exceedingly unwise as well as cruel to discourage the young literary aspirant. A letter received from the West says, "If only had some one to advise me, I want to write. I feel that I can write, but I cannot stand the ridicule of my family. If I go by myself resolved to do something worthy, I am immediately overwhelmed by the thought of the fun that is being made of me down stairs, and that ends it."

I would as soon think of smothering a new born baby as to run the risk of murdering a real talent. And if there is no talent, there is certainly human feeling which has a right to respectful consideration.

The signs of the times point hopefully and conclusively to a larger field for woman's work. Women are at the time striking out in new and unique directions. For instance, there is a young woman who has a copy office in the Equitable Building, N. Y. city, and here with her mother, she has established herself as a professional manuscripter. In order to add to her income she has learned to take care of her customers' teeth as well as their hands. Once a month or so they have their teeth carefully cleaned and examined. If decayed spots are found patients are immediately sent to their dentists. The name of this enterprising young woman is Miss J. F. Jett, and she has learned to clean and examine teeth by practicing in the office of one of our most popular and reliable dentists. It seems to me there is a first class field here for women who are seeking remunerative employment. The work is not hard, requiring skill and attention only.

Another young woman who became so enfeebled by the onset of typhoid fever as not to be able to go on with her work at the Woman's Exchange, has found a comparatively easy way of earning her living by going round to houses as an embroidery and crocheting instructor. The great craze now is for bead purses for Christmas gifts, and this teacher informed me that she had given twenty lessons in this one branch of fancy work during the last two weeks. So many requests have been made me for directions in making these useful and beautiful little articles, that I know of no better way than to refer them to "Florence Home Needle Work" for 1887. This is a reliable volume published annually at Florence, Mass., and sent by the publishers to any address, on receipt of six cents. In this book will be found several rules for crocheting purses. I am quite willing to give the directions asked for, but they take up so much space that I can only do so occasionally. There is a great craze for beaded purses this fall and my readers cannot do better than send for this book, mentioning the year. There is no prettier Christmas present than a dainty hand-wrought bead purse. "Florence Home Needle Work" for 1888 is just out for six cents. It contains the most beautiful patterns for beading and crocheting. It also contains many drawn descriptions and elaborate illustrations of Italian stitch, Tapestry stitch, Damask stitch and Cross-stitch Embroidery as well as some crocheting stitches. This book can also be had for six cents additional. Address Publisher, Florence Home Needle Work, Florence, Mass.

Among the many courageous and able women who have struck out in original directions is Mrs. Janet E. Runtz Rees, who began her literary and artistic career in a most practical way as the writer of descriptive pamphlets and circulars. After awhile her peculiar talent in "The Art of Putting Things" recommended her to the notice of the heads of large business houses who desired to have their business properly presented to the public in the form of space advertisements. Then, being a lover and student of art, Mrs. Runtz Rees gravitated naturally to that department, and now her endorsement of a picture is an assurance to the public that there is something to be seen and bought that is worth the expenditure of time and money. This lady did not attempt to reach the top of the ladder at one climbing but was contented to go a step at a time, doing her best to make each one secure, and upon whichever round she planted her feet, to do the very best work she was capable of. Consequently she succeeded.

Miss LeRow's new book, "The Young Idea," is making exactly the sensation that was anticipated. The principal papers have reviewed it to the extent of half a column, and teachers are rejoicing at the prospect of the good to be wrought out for our schools through the efforts of this brave woman. She has placed Plato's words upon the title page, "Truth is afraid of nothing but concealment," and the book is dedicated to the Fathers and the Mothers of America. It is indeed truth from beginning to end—pathetic, ludicrous, tragic and side-splitting truth, for between the utterances of the children, faithfully reported, are the author's own witty words in which she exposes the humbug and pretence of much of our school work. The chapter on the evolution of "Composition" is particularly funny and its true inwardness will be instantly recognized by every teacher who ever attempted to cudgel "essays" from the brains of children. Miss LeRow has shown up the evils of "Cramming and Examination" as no one has ever done before, and her work will do much to help along a reform already begun in the community.

In answer to those who have written me to say that they had difficulty in making their sea moss blanching the proper consistency, I would say that it is not in the least difficult if the cook will experiment a little. A half cup of moss to a quart of milk is as near a perfect rule as can be given. When the moss commences to thicken the milk, take out a spoonful occasionally and cool it. It should be firm enough to retain the impression of the mold. When it is soft it is the reverse of appetizing, and there will be no need of experimenting. If I did not know that there was nothing better for stomach irritability than this delicious and easily digested sea food, I should not be so persistent in recommending it. I have known it to cure the worst case of dyspepsia, and without a particle of medicine.

—ELEANOR KIRK.

## The Fashionable Preacher.

From the Waterbury (Conn.) American.

What are fashionable preachers to preach about?

That is the pregnant subject stated by the New York correspondent of the Hartford *Courant*, who writes: "There is no better way of finding out the whereabouts of the smart people than by reading the list of churches that are advertised as open in the Sunday morning papers." The *Courant* will not put down this remark as a piece of cheap cynicism, for, as a clergyman said to the writer, "It would be foolish for me to stay in town all summer, or even part of the summer, and preach to empty benches. My people quit the city almost in a body in the middle of June, and they do not return till November. I may as well have gone too." So the fact of the case is that the pastor of a fashionable New York church compresses his year's work into five months, and from a certain point of view he deserves our sympathy instead of our condemnation that he is free to take his European tour, or his shooting in the Rockies, while his clerical brethren are toiling away in the slums of the city. I went to an orthodox uptown church Sunday. The people and their pastor had met for the first time in nearly six months. There was an organ recital and some good singing, and a most discreet but charming display of the autumn fashions. And the gentleman in the pulpit looked brown and staid. But an icy air of propriety pervaded the whole place. It would be absurd to suppose that there were not aching heads and hearts in that great assembly, but if one may state a contradictory phrase, they were all too well bred to provoke enthusiasm. Few after pew of well-dressed, well-fed, well-instructed people turned their bored faces towards the preacher. What could he tell them? They were as well instructed as he. It would have been an impertinence to have attempted to give them historical information, and they were on the alert to trip him did he undertake to prove his position on scientific arguments. It is true that the personal experience is generally dignified in a religious discussion, because there is no going back of it; but what orator could put himself in such intimate relations with what impassive audience, whose very gentility was sort of armor against enthusiasm? The man who finds himself "receiving such a call" as the clergyman described—a call to preach the Gospel to a blue congregation, easily bored—is indeed set a task, if he himself has the misfortune to be in earnest, which would baffle the genius of an apostle.

"If he is in earnest"—well, then there is a phase of the Gospel which he can preach that would challenge the attention of the most listless and awaker of the most indifferent. At almost the same time that the "abovetoned article" fell under the eye, we noted a long communication in the *Christian Union* from a man telling why he did not go to church. It was headed "The Preacher's Choice for Sermons." There had been two sermons; there was nothing in the utterances of the modern pulpit bearing upon the vital questions of modern life. In short, this non-church-goer, who was apparently more or less of a socialist, thought it was time for the pulpit to wake up and define the attitude of Christianity towards various shades of social reform. Then the pulpit, in his view, would have plenty of hearers. Now this is the sort of topic we commend to fashionable preachers. To preach anything resembling socialism to the ordinary congregation is liable to do more harm than good. Too many people in such congregations will be eager to accept a gospel that promises more equal division for everybody. The common sense of the world stamps such schemes as chimerical, and the proposed beneficiaries would be simply unsettled by hearing them preached—turned into "rainbow-chasers." No such risk is run in the fashionable pulpit. There is no danger that rich, conservative people will be induced to inaugurate a general redistribution of wealth, to abandon these schemes for ameliorating the condition of their wretched fellow-beings, what a miracle to prove the vital truth of Christianity would this nineteenth century see! But are fashionable preachers enough of Christians themselves to lack the loss of popularity by entering upon such a crusade, or to start it by giving any large share of their own big salaries to bring it about?

## The Year without a Summer.

It takes a pretty well-seasoned old body to remember the year 1816, writes a *Leviston Journal* reporter. A person born in that year would be seventy-two years of age, but my informant enjoys the distinction of numbering ninety-three New England winters and summers, and with a mind clear and undimmed, remembers perfectly the year '18—and froze to death, or the year without a summer.

As our "oldest inhabitant" remembers it (and backs it up by proofs in black and white) during the year 1816 there were sharp frosts in every month; January was mild, as was also February, with the exception of a few days. March for the greater part was a typical March, cold and boisterous. April opened warm but thought better or worse of it as it advanced, ending with snow and ice, with winter cold. During May the "spring, gentle spring" of the poet was lost in snow and ice—ice formed half an inch thick, buds and flowers were frozen and the early planting killed. Frost, ice and snow were common in June. Almost every green thing was killed and the fruit was nearly all destroyed. Snow fell during June to the depth of three inches in New York and Massachusetts and ten inches in Maine. July was accompanied with frost and ice. On the 15th ice formed to the thickness of window glass in New York, New England and Pennsylvania, and corn in certain sections was nearly all destroyed.

August, to keep up with the procession, presented ice half an inch thick. A cold northwest wind prevailed nearly all summer. Corn was so frozen that a great deal of it was put down and dried for fodder. Very little of it ripened in New England, even as far south as Connecticut, and scarcely any even in the Middle States. Farmers to secure seed for planting the next spring, were obliged to purchase corn of 1815, paying therefor, from four to five dollars per bushel. The first two weeks of September were mild, the remainder of the month was cold, and ice formed a quarter of an inch thick. October was unusually cold, with frost and ice. November was cold and blustering with snow enough for good sleighing. December was quite mild and comfortable. Such is the detailed history of the year without a summer. Way back in 1816 the West was no great granary as to-day, and no storehouses held an immense surplus of grain, consequently there was much suffering among the people, who divided in calling the year 1816, "eighteen and starve to death," or "eighteen hundred and froze to death," as it suited each their particular distress, and truly either was no misnomer.

## Nothing in Particular.

"What is your trade? What can you do?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. I am willing to take hold of anything you may set me about."

This is the question and answer between countless employers of labor and their applicants for work. The country is full of just such people who have learned to do nothing in particular. They have grown up in the community as purposeless as weeds, fitted for nothing, and working at nothing, only as the demands of necessity require.

It is the men who have learned to do nothing in particular who form the great class of the discontented. They must always receive the lowest wages, wear the coarsest clothes, eat the plainest food, and, withal, do the hardest and most disagreeable work. It is self-evident that every boy and girl should learn to do at least in some one thing and learn to do it well. "About the only thing a man can do without learning is to dig in the ground. So if a young man does not wish all his life to be employed in the sewers, or in digging trenches, or working on the streets, he should show his fitness for something better by specially preparing himself for some specific work. A full grown man should be ashamed to answer to his employer's question, "What can you do?" "Oh, nothing in particular."

## Bound to be Cheerful.

A doctor who was strolling through the wood near Jacksonville, Ga., came upon a negro who was sitting upon a fence singing.

"You seem to be happy, old man," said he.

"Well, sah, I ain't got nothin' ter 'plain erbout."

"Do you know that yellow fever is raging all around you?"

"I dun buried ter know it sah, when I dan buried ter know it yestiddy."

"Then how can you sit around here and sing?"

"Dis yere is God's word, ain't it?"

"I suppose so."

"An' I blongs ter God, don't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, ef de Lawd puts in my heart ter sing I don't see why I oughter keep my mouth shut."

"Are you not afraid of taking the fever?"

"What's de use bein' afraid? Ef de Lawd want me to take it, I will, an' ef he don't, dat's all; an' sides dat, I ain't gwine ter take it no quicker ef I sings. I lay ef you go round dat town now you'll find mos' o' de folks what's got de fever didn't sing er all."

"I don't see," said the amused physician, "how you can feel disposed to sing when your wife was buried only yesterday."

"No, sah, case you didn't know dat lady like I did."

"Didn't you get along well together?"

"Didn't git erlong together as well as we did erpart, sah."

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